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## Select Tales.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I WANT a quarter of a dollar, Jane."

This was addressed by a miserable creature, bloated and disfigured by intemperance, to a woman whose thin, pale face, and heart-broken look, told but too plainly that she was the drunkard's wife.

"Not a quarter of a dollar, John? Surely you will not waste a quarter of a dollar of my hard earnings, when you know that I can scarcely get food and decent clothes for the children?"

As the wife said this, she looked up into her husband's face with a sad, appealing expression.

"I must have a quarter, Jane," was the firm reply.

"O, John! remember our little ones. The cold weather will soon be here, and I have not yet been able to get them shoes. If you will not earn any thing yourself, do not waste the little my hard labor can procure. Will not a sixpence do? Surely that is enough for you to spend for—"

"Nothing will do but a quarter, Jane, and that I must have if I steal it!" was the prompt, and somewhat earnest reply.

Mrs. Jarvis laid aside her work mechanically, and rising, went to a drawer, and from a cup containing a single dollar in small pieces, her little all, took out a quarter of a dollar, and turning to her husband said, as she handed it to him—

"Remember, that you are taking the bread out of your children's mouths!"

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Jane," the drunkard replied, as he clutched the money eagerly, something like a feeble smile flitting across his disfigured and distorted countenance.

"Yes, and worse!" was the response, made in a sadder tone than that in which the wife had at first spoken.

"How worse, Jane?"

"John!" and the wife spoke with a sudden energy, while her countenance lighted up with a strange gleam. "John, I cannot bear this much longer! I feel myself sinking every day. And you—you who pledged yourself——"

Here the voice of the poor woman gave way, and covering her face with her hands, she bent her head upon her bosom, and sobbed and wept hysterically.

The drunkard looked at her for a moment, and then turning hurriedly, passed from the room. For some moments after the door had closed upon her husband, did Mrs. Jarvis stand, sobbing and weeping. Then slowly returning to her chair near the window, she resumed her work, with an expression of countenance that was sad and hopeless.

In the mean time, the poor wretch who had

thus reduced his family to a state of painful destitution, after turning away from his door, walked slowly along the street with his head bowed down, as if engaged in, to him, altogether a new employment, that of self-communion. All at once a hand was laid familiarly upon his shoulders and a well-known voice said—

"Come John, let's have a drink."

Jarvis looked up with a bewildered air, and the first thing that caught his eye, after it glanced away from the face of one of his drinking cronies, was a sign with bright gold letters, bearing the words, "EAGLE COFFEE HOUSE." That sign was as familiar to him as the face of one of his children. At the same moment that his eye rested upon this, creating an involuntary impulse to move towards the tavern door, his old crony caught hold of his collar, and gave him a pull in the same direction. But much to his surprise of the latter, Jarvis resisted this attempt to give his steps a direction that would lead him into his old, accustomed haunt.

"Won't you drink this morning, Jarvis?" asked the other, with a look of surprise.

There was evidently a powerful struggle going on in the mind of the drunkard. This lasted only for a moment or two, when he said loudly and emphatically—

"No!"

And instantly broke from his old boon companion, and hurried on his way.

A loud laugh followed him, but he heeded it not. Ten minutes' walk brought him to the store of a respectable tradesman.

"Is Mr. R—— in?" he asked, as he entered.

"Back at the desk," was the reply of a clerk.

And Jarvis walked back with a resolute air.

"Mr. R——, I want to sign the pledge!"

"You, Jarvis?" Mr. R—— said, in tones of great surprise.

"Yes, me, Mr. R——. It's almost a hopeless case; but here goes to do my best."

"Are you fully sensible of what you are about doing, Jarvis?"

"I think I am, Mr. R——. I've drank nothing since yesterday morning, and with the help of Him above, I am determined never to drink another drop as long as I live! So, read me the pledge, and let me sign it."

Mr. R—— turned at once to the constitution of the Washington Temperance Society, and read the pledge thereunto annexed:

"We the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to each other, as gentlemen, that we will not, hereafter, drink any spirituous liquors, wine, malt or cider, unless in sickness, and under the prescription of a physician."

Jarvis took the pen in his hand, that trembled so he could scarcely make a straight mark on paper, and enrolled his name among the hundreds of those who like him, had resolved to be men once more. This done, he laid down the quarter

of a dollar which he had obtained from his wife, the admission fee required of all who joined the society. As he turned from the tradesman's store, his step was firmer, and his head more erect than, in a sober state, he had carried it for many a day.

From thence he proceeded to a hatter's shop.

"Well, Jarvis," was uttered in rather a cool repulsive tone, as he entered.

"Are you not in want of a journeyman, Mr. Warren?"

"I don't want you, Jarvis."

"If you will give me work, I will never get drunk again, Mr. Warren."

"You've said that too many times, Jarvis. The last time you went off when I was hurried with work, and caused me to disappoint a customer, I determined never to have any thing more to do with you."

"But I'll never disappoint you again," urged the poor man, earnestly.

"It's no use for you to talk to me, Jarvis. You and I are done with each other. I have made up my mind never again to have a man in my shop who drinks rum."

"But I have joined the temperance society, Mr. Warren."

"I don't care if you have, in two weeks you'll be lying in the gutter."

"I'll never drink liquor again if I die!" Jarvis said solemnly.

"Look here you drunken vagabond," the master hatter said, in angry tones, coming from behind the counter, and standing in front of the individual he was addressing—"If you are not out of this shop in two minutes by the watch, I'll kick you into the street! So there now—take your choice to go out, or to be kicked out."

Jarvis turned sadly away without a reply, and passed out of the door through which he had entered with a heart full of hope, now pained, and almost ready to recede from his earnest resolution and pledge to become a sober man, and a better husband and father. He felt utterly discouraged. As he walked slowly along the street, the fumes of a coffee house which he was passing, unconsciously, struck upon his sense, and immediately came an almost overpowering desire for his accustomed potation. He paused—

"Now that I try to reform, they turn against me," he said bitterly. "It's no use, I am gone past hope."

One step was taken towards the tavern door, when it seemed as if a strong hand held him back.

"No—no," he murmured, "I have taken the pledge, and I will stand by it, if I die."

Then moving resolutely onward, he soon found himself near the door of another hatter's shop.—Hope again kindled up in his bosom, and he entered.

"Don't you want a hand, Mr. Mason?" he asked in a hesitating tone.

"Not a drunken one, Jarvis," was the repulsive answer.

"But I've reformed, Mr. Mason."

"So I should think from your looks."

"But, indeed, Mr. Mason, I have quit drinking, and taken the pledge—

"To break it in three days. Perhaps three hours."

"Won't you give me work, Mr. Mason if I promise to be sober."

"No. For I would not give a copper for your promises."

Poor Jarvis turned away. When he had placed his hand to the pledge he dreamed not of these repulses and difficulties. He was a good workman, and he thought that any one of his old employers would be glad to get him back again, so soon as they learned of his having signed the total abstinence pledge. But he had so often promised amendment, and so often broken his promise, and disappointed them, that they had lost all confidence in him; at least the two to whom he had thus far, made application.

After leaving the shop of Mr. Mason, Jarvis seemed altogether irresolute. He would walk on a few steps, and then pause to commune with his troubled and bewildered thoughts.

"I will try Lankford," he said, at length, half aloud; "he will give me work, surely."

A brisk walk of some ten minutes brought him to the door of a small hatter shop, in a retired street. Behind the counter of this shop stood an old man, busily employed in ironing a hat—there was something benevolent in his countenance and manner. As Jarvis entered, he looked up, and a shade passed quickly over his face.

"Good morning, Mr. Lankford," Jarvis said, bowing, with something like timidity and shame in his manner.

"Are you not afraid to come here, John?" replied the old man sternly.

"I am ashamed to come but not afraid. You will not harm me I know."

"Don't trust to that, John. Did you not steal, aye, that is the word—did you not *steal* from me the last time I employed you?" The old man in manner was stern and energetic.

"I was so wicked as to take a couple of skins, Mr. Lankford, but I did very wrong and am willing to repay you for them, if you will give me work. I was in liquor when I did it, and when in liquor, I have no distinct consciousness of the evil of any action."

"Give you work, indeed! O no, John, I cannot give you another chance to rob me."

"But I will not get drunk any more. And you know, Mr. Lankford, that while I was a sober man, and worked for you, I never wronged you out of a sixpence worth."

"Won't get drunk any more! Ah, John, I have lived too long in the world, and have seen too much, to heed such promises."

"But I am in earnest, Mr. Lankford. I signed the pledge this morning."

"You!" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I signed it."

"Ah, John," after a pause, and shaking his head incredulously "I cannot credit your word, and I am sorry for it."

"If I have signed the pledge, and if I am really

determined to be a reformed man, will you give me work, Mr. Lankford?"

The old man thought for a few moments, and then said, half sorrowfully.

"I am afraid of you, John. You are such an old offender on the score of drunkenness, that I have no confidence in your power to keep the pledge."

"Then what shall I do?" the poor wretch exclaimed, in tones that made the heart of the old man thrill—for nature and pathos were in them.

"Now that I am trying in earnest to do better, no one will give me a word of encouragement, or a helping hand. Heaven help me!—for I am forsaken of man."

"Have you been to see Warren?" asked the old man.

"Yes, and he threatened to kick me out of his shop."

"Mason wants a hand I know. He will no doubt be glad to employ you."

"I've tried him, but he will not give me work."

Mr. Lankford stood thoughtful and irresolute, for some moments. He pitied, from his heart, the poor creature who thus importuned so earnestly for work, and whose trembling hand indicated that he had forborne, at least for a time, his accustomed stimulus. But he did not wish to have him in his shop, for he had no confidence in him. At length he said—

"John, if you will bring me a certificate from Mr. R. that you have signed the total abstinence pledge, I will give you another trial. But if you disappoint me again, you and I are done forever."

The countenance of Jarvis brightened up instantly. He turned quickly away, without reply, and hurried off to the store of Mr. R. the Secretary of the society he had joined. The certificate was of course obtained.

"And you have joined, sure enough, John," Mr. Lankford said, in a changed tone, as he glanced over the certificate.

"Indeed, I have, Mr. Lankford."

"And you seem in earnest."

"If, I was in earnest about any thing in my life, I am in earnest now."

"Keep your pledge then, John, and all will be well. While you were a sober man, I preferred you to any journeyman in my shop. Keep sober and you shall never want a day's work while I am in business."

"By the aid of Him who knows how much in earnest I am, I will be true to my pledge," Jarvis said meekly, and yet in a solemn tone.

"Only trust in Him, John, and He will be strength in your weakness."

"I will try," was the humble and sincere answer.

The poor man was now shown his place in the shop, and once again, he resumed his work, though under a far different impulse than had, for years, nerved him to action. But his nerves were all unstrung. His hand shook so, that he could with difficulty use, with the required skill, the implements of his calling. He experienced, likewise, a sinking, sickening feeling; and at times a dizziness and obscurity of mind would suddenly come over him, exciting the liveliest emotions of fear, lest nature would not bear up, under so sudden a withdrawal of its accustomed stimulus. Gradually, however, as his mind became intently

fixed upon his work, and his body felt the impulse of manual activities, a slight reaction took place, and the whole machinery of his physical frame moved on with something approaching to a healthy tone. His hand grew steadier, though it still trembled.

Two hours brought his regular dinner time, when Jarvis, who began to feel the want of food, returned home, with new and strange feelings, about his heart. One impulse was to tell his wife what he had done, and what he was doing. But then he remembered how often he had mocked her new springing hopes—how often he had promised amendment, and once even joined a temperance society, only to relapse into a lower and more degraded condition.

"No, no," he said to himself, after debating the question in his mind, as he walked towards home; "I will not tell her now. I will first present some fruit of my repentance. I will give such an assurance as will create confidence and hope."

Mrs. Jarvis did not raise her eyes to the face of her husband, as he entered. The sight of that once loved countenance, distorted and disfigured, even made her heart sick when she looked upon it. Jarvis seated himself quietly in a chair, and held out his hands for his youngest child, not over two years old, who had no consciousness of his father's degradation. In a moment the happy little creature was on his knee. But the other children showed no inclination to approach. His conduct had estranged their young heart's purest and most innocent affections. This was perceived, and felt keenly. But he had hope of reclaiming all that he had lost, and this compensated, in some degree, for the present distance and estrangement.

The frugal meal passed in silence and restraint. Mrs. Jarvis felt troubled and oppressed—for the prospect before her seemed to grow more and more gloomy. All the morning she had suffered from a steady pain in her breast, and from a lassitude that she could not overcome. Her pale, thin, care-worn face, told a sad tale of suffering, privation, confinement, and want of exercise.—What was to become of her children she knew not. Under such feelings of hopelessness, to have one sitting by her side, who could take much of her burdens from her, were he but to will it—who could call back the light to her heart, if only true to his promise, made in earlier and happier years—soured in some degree her feelings, and obscured her perceptions. She did not note that some change had passed upon him; a change that if marked, would have caused her heart to leap in her bosom.

As soon as Jarvis had risen from the table, he took his hat, and kissing his youngest child, the only one there who seemed to regard him, passed quickly from the house. As the door closed after him, his wife heaved a long sigh, and then rising, mechanically, proceeded to clear up the table.—Of how many crushed affections, and disappointed hopes did that one deep, tremulous sigh, speak.

Jarvis returned to his work, and applied himself steadily during the whole afternoon. Whenever a desire for liquor returned upon him, he quenched it in a copious draught of water, and thus kept himself as free from temptation as possible. At night he returned, when the same troubled and uneasy silence pervaded the little family at the



supper table. The meal was scanty, for Mrs. Jarvis' incessant labor could procure but a poor supply of food. After the children had been put to bed, Mrs. Jarvis sat down as usual, to spend the evening, tired as she was, and much as her breast pained her, in sewing. A deep sigh heaved involuntary her bosom as she did so. It caught the ear of her husband, and smote upon his heart. He knew that her health was feeble, and that constant labor fatigued her excessively.

"I wouldn't sew to-night, Jane," he said. "You look tired. Rest one evening."

Mrs. Jarvis neither looked up nor replied.—There was something in the tone of her husband's voice that stirred her feelings. Something that softened her heart towards him. But she dared not trust herself to speak, nor to let her eye meet his. She did not wish to utter a harsh or repulsive word, nor was she willing to speak kindly to him, for she did not feel kindly—and kind words and affected cheerfulness, she had already found, but encouraged him in his evil ways. And so she continued to ply her needle, without appearing to regard his presence. Her husband did not make another effort to induce her to suspend her labors; for, under existing circumstances, he was particular desirous of not provoking her to use towards him the language of rebuke and censure. After sitting silent for, perhaps half an hour, he rose from his chair, and walked three or four times backwards and forwards across the room, preparatory to going out to seek a coffee house, and there spend his evening, as his wife supposed. But much to her surprise, he retired to their chamber, in the adjoining room. While still under the expectation of seeing him return, his loud breathing caught her quick ear. He was asleep.

Catching up the light, as she arose suddenly to her feet, she passed, with a hasty step, into the chamber. He had undressed himself, was in bed, and sound asleep. She held the candle close to his face; it was calmer than usual, and somewhat paler. As she bent over him, his breath came full in her face. It was not loaded with the disgusting fumes that had so often sickened her. Her heart beat quicker—the moisture dimmed her eye—her whole frame trembled. Then looking upwards, she uttered a single prayer for her husband, and, gliding quietly from the room, sat down by her little table, and again bent over her work. Now she remembered that he had said, with something unusual in his tones—"I would not sew to-night, Jane; you look tired; rest for one evening"—and her heart was agitated with a new hope; but that hope, like the dove from the ark, found nothing upon which to rest, and trembled back again into a feeling of despondency. What had she to hope for? Surely not that her husband would reform! She had seen too many efforts at reformation, commenced under better auspices than could possibly now surround him, and all had failed. At each successive failure, his state became worse than before. It was past twelve o'clock when she laid by her work, from exhaustion and pain, and sought a few hours of troubled repose.

On the next morning, the trembling hand of Jarvis, as he lifted his saucer to his lips at the breakfast table, made his wife's heart sink again

in her bosom. She had felt a hope, almost unconsciously. She remembered that at supper-time his hand was steady—now it was unnerved. This was conclusive to her mind, that notwithstanding his appearance, he had been drinking. But few words passed during the meal, for neither felt much inclined to converse.

After breakfast, Jarvis returned to the shop, and worked steadily until dinner time, and, then again until evening. As on the night before, he did not go out, but retired early to bed. And this was continued all the week. But the whole was a mystery to his poor wife, who dared not even to hope for any real change for the better. On Saturday, towards night, he laid by his work, put on his coat and hat, and went into the front shop.

"So you have really worked a week, a sober man, John?" Mr. Lankford said.

"Indeed I have. Since last Sunday morning, no kind of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips."

"And I hope never will again, John."

"It never shall! If I die, I will not depart from this resolution."

"May you have strength to keep it," the old man said, earnestly. Then after a pause—

"How much have you earned this week, John?"

"Here is the foreman's account of my work, sir. It comes to twelve dollars."

"Still a fast workman. You will yet recover yourself, and your family will again be happy, if you persevere."

"O, sir, they shall be happy! I will persevere!"

"Surely you have for so doing, the strongest considerations."

Another pause ensued, and then Jarvis said, while the color mounted to his cheek—

"If you are willing, Mr. Lankford, I should like you to deduct only one-half of what I owe you for those furs I took from you, from this week's wages. My family are in want of a good many things; and I am particular desirous of buying a barrel of flour to-night."

"Say nothing of that, John. Let it be forgotten with your past misdeeds. Here are your wages—twelve dollars—and if it gives you as much pleasure to receive as it does me to pay them, then you feel no ordinary degree of satisfaction."

Mr. Jarvis received the large sum for him to possess, and hurried away to a grocery. Here he bought for six dollars, a barrel of flour, and expended two dollars more of his wages in sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, etc. Near to the store was the market-house. Thence he repaired, and bought meat and various kinds of vegetables, with butter, &c. These he carried to the store, and gave directions to have all sent home to him. He had now two dollars left out of the twelve he had earned since Monday morning, and with these in his pockets he returned home. As he drew near the house, his heart fluttered in anticipation of the delightful change that would pass upon all beneath its humble roof. He had never, in his life experienced feelings of such real joy.

A few moments brought him to the door, and he went in with the quick step that had marked his entrance for several days. It was not quite dark, and his wife sat sewing by the window. She was finishing a pair of pantaloons that had to go home that very evening, and with the money

she was to get for them, she expected to buy the Sunday dinner. There was barely enough food in the house for supper; and unless she received her pay for this piece of work, she had no means of getting the required sustenance for herself and children—or rather, for her husband, herself, and children. The individual for whom it was intended was not a prompt pay-master, and usually grumbled whenever Mrs. Jarvis asked him for money. To add to the circumstances of concern and trouble of mind, she felt almost ready to give up, from the excessive pain in her breast, and the weakness of her whole frame. As her husband came in, she turned upon him an anxious and troubled countenance; and then bent down over her work, and plied her needle hurriedly. As the twilight fell dimly around, she drew nearer and nearer to the window, and at last stood up, and leaned close up to the panes of glass, so that her hand almost touched, in order to catch the few feeble rays of light that were still visible. But she could not finish the garment upon which she wrought, by the light of day. A candle was now lit, and she took her place by the table, not so much as glancing towards her husband, who had seated himself in a chair, with his youngest child on his knee. Half an hour passed in silence, and then Mrs. Jarvis rose up having taken the last stitch in the garment she was making, and passed into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes she came out, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the pair of pantaloons that she had just finished, on her arm.

"Where are you going, Jane?" her husband asked, in a tone of surprise, that seemed to her ear, mingled with disappointment.

"I am going to carry home my work."

"But I wouldn't go now, Jane. Wait until after supper."

"No, John. I cannot wait until after supper. The work will be wanted. It should have been home two hours ago."

And she glided from the room before he could make up his mind to detain her by telling the good news, that was trembling on his tongue for utterance.

A walk of a few minutes brought her to the door of a tailor's shop, around the front of which hung sundry garments exposed for sale. This shop she entered, and presented the pair of pantaloons to a man who stood behind the counter. His face relaxed not a muscle as he took them, and made a careful examination of the work.

"They'll do," he at length said, tossing them aside, and resuming his employment of cutting out a garment.

Poor Mrs. Jarvis paused, dreading to utter her request. But necessity conquered the painful reluctance, and she said,

"Can you pay me for this pair, to-night, Mr. Willets?"

"No. I've got more money to pay on Monday than I know where to get, and cannot let a cent go out."

"But, Mr. Willets, I——"

"I don't want to hear any of your reasons, Mrs. Jarvis. You can't have the money to-night; and, any how, I don't see fit to pay out money in little *drabs*. The fact is," and he looked angrily at the poor woman, "If you don't stop this pes-

tering me for money every whip-stich, I won't give you another job. I'm tired of it."

Mrs. Jarvis turned slowly away, and had nearly reached the door, when the thought of her children caused her to pause. To have them want for food, was a thought she could not bear. Thus far, she had been able to keep them from hunger, and to still keep them from its pangs, had she worked all day with unusual industry, although suffering much from pain and debility.

"I cannot go, Mr. Willets, without the money," she said, suddenly turning, and speaking in an excited tone.

"You will go, I'm thinking, madam," was the reply, while the tailor glanced angrily at her and compressed his lips firmly.

"O, sir," changing her tone, "pay me what you owe me; I want it very much."

"O yes. So you all say. But I am used to such make-believes. You get no money out of me to-night, madam. That's a settled point. I'm angry now—so you had better go home at once; if you don't I'll never give you a stitch of work, so help —"

Mrs. Jarvis did not pause to hear the concluding words of the sentence.

"What *shall* I do?" was the almost despairing question that she asked of herself, as she hurried towards her home. On entering the house, she made no remark, for there was no one to whom she could tell her troubles and disappointment, with even the most feeble hope of a word of comfort. Mechanically she proceeded to set the table, and serve up the last portion of food that remained. A loaf of bread, and a few slices of cold meat, made up her little store. As they were all about drawing up to the table, there was a loud knock at the door, which Mrs. Jarvis immediately answered.

"Does Mr. Jarvis live here?" asked a rough voice.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, here is a barrel of flour and some groceries for him. Shall I bring them in here, ma'am?"

"There must be some mistake, sir. They do not belong here. We have bought no barrel of flour or groceries."

"Is not this Mr. Jarvis's?"

"Yes."

"And number 40?"

"Yes."

"Then this is the place, for that was the direction given me."

"Yes, this is the place—bring them in," spoke up Jarvis, in an animated tone.

The drayman of course obeyed. First he rolled in the barrel of flour; then came a number of packages evidently containing groceries; and, finally, one or two pieces of meat, and sundry lots of vegetables.

"How much is to pay?" asked Jarvis.

"Twenty-five cents, sir," responded the drayman, bowing.

The twenty-five cent piece was taken from his pocket with quite an air, and handed over. Then the drayman went out, and that little family were alone again. During the passage of the scene just described, the wife stood looking on with a stupid and bewildered air. When the drayman

had departed, she turned to her husband, and said—

"John, where did these things come from?"

"I bought them, Jane."

"You bought them?"

"Yes I bought them."

"And pray, John, what did you buy them with?"

"With the quarter of a dollar you gave to me on Monday."

"John?"

"It is true, Jane. With that quarter I went and joined the Washington Total Abstinence Society, and then went to work at Mr. Lankford's. Here is the result of one week's work, besides this silver," handing her all that remained, after making the purchases.

"O, John, John, the wife exclaimed, bursting into tears, "do not again mock my hopes. I cannot bear much more."

"In the strength of Him, Jane, who has promised to help us when we call upon Him, "I will not disappoint the hopes I now revive," Jarvis said, slowly and solemnly.

The almost heart-broken wife and mother leaned her head upon the shoulder of her husband, and clung to his side with a newly-revived confidence, that she felt would not be disappointed, while the tears poured from her eyes like rain.—But her true feelings we cannot attempt to describe—nor dare we venture to sketch further the scene we have introduced. The reader's imagination can do it more justice, and to him we leave that pleasing task, with only the remark, that Mrs. Jarvis's newly-awakened joys and hopes were not again disappointed.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MRS. HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool in 1794. Her father was a native of Ireland, and her mother descended from a Venetian house, among the members of which several advanced to distinction. She was the second daughter and fourth child, of a family of three daughters and three sons.

When about five years of age, her father owing to mercantile embarrassments, removed to the North of Wales. This new residence was well calculated to encourage her poetic turn.—It was near the sea, shut in by a chain of rocky hills.

As a child, Dorothea was an object of great attention. She was very beautiful—of brilliant complexion, "long, curling and golden hair, which, in latter years, deepened into brown, but remained silken, profuse and wavy to the last." Her mother encouraged her early efforts. At the age of seven, she would write little pieces of composition, the result of her readings and recollections, which were always confided to her mother. The excellence of her memory developed itself early.

Shakspeare was a great favorite in early life; and by way of securing shade and freedom from interruption, she used to climb an apple tree and there study his plays: nor had she long made familiar acquaintance with his "beings of the mind," before she was possessed with the temporary desire, so often born of an intense delight

and appreciation of personifying them. It is remarkable that her fancy led her to prefer the characters of Imogen and Beatrice. She loved the loneliness and freedom of the sea shore well: it was a favorite freak of hers, when quite a child to get up privately, after careful attendants had fancied her safe in bed, and making her way down to the water side, indulge herself with a stolen bath. The sound of the ocean, and the melancholy sights of wreck and ruin which follow a storm, made an indelible impression on her mind and gave their coloring and imagery,

"A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea,"

to many of the lyrics which were written when she began to trust to her own impulses and to draw upon her own stores, instead of more timidly retiring under the shadow of mighty names. No extraordinary attention appears to have been bestowed upon the education of Miss Browne. She was never at school, and it is averred that the only things she was ever regularly taught were French, English Grammar, and the rudiments of Latin, communicated by a gentleman, who used to deplore "that she was not a man to have borne away the highest honors of college!"

The first volume of poems published by Miss Browne was in 1808. This contained some verses written when she was nine years old.—This volume, inscribed to Lady Kirkwell contains those little birth-day compliments addressed to attached relatives, and expressions of affection, or regret, in which the young delight to exercise their newly discovered power.

Miss Browne was married to Capt. Hemans, of the English army, in 1812. There had been a protracted separation, and shortly before the birth of a fifth son, the union may be said to have closed. Capt. Hemans health had been much impaired, by the hardships of a military life. A few years after his marriage he left his native land for the milder sky of Italy, but Mrs. Hemans pursued her literary labors in her native land.

From this period to the time of her death it is well known that this gifted woman devoted herself almost entirely to poetry. It would be a work of supererogation to enumerate the brilliant productions of her pen—they were written upon the hearts and linger on the tongues of all lovers of poetry. She was ardently devoted to her children, and did every thing for them that maternal affection could devise. It was peculiarly gratifying to her feelings, amid the gloom of ill health that presaged her final dissolution that her fourth son received an appointment in a government office. Whenever she spoke of this affair she described it as "sunshine without a cloud."

The woman and the poetess were in her too inseparably united to admit of their being considered apart from each other. In her private letters, as in her published works, she shows herself high-minded, affectionate, grateful—wayward in her self neglect—delicate to fastidiousness in her tastes; in her religion, fervent without intolerance; eager to acquire knowledge, as eager to impart it to others—earnestly devoted to her art, and in that art, to the service of all things beautiful and noble, and holy. She may have fallen short of some of her predecessors in vigor of mind, of some of her contemporaries in variety of fancy: but she surpassed them all in the use



of language, in the employment of a rich, chaste, and glowing imagery, and in the perfect music of her versification. It will be long before the chasm left in our female literature by her death will be worthily filled: it will be long remembered long spoken of by those who knew her works, yet—longer by those who knew herself—

Kindly and gently, but as of one  
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;  
As of a bird from a chain unbound,  
As of a wanderer whose home is found—  
So let it be!

### MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' Companion.

#### PICTURES FROM A PAINTER'S LIFE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It was a balmy morning in the month of June. The school-bell in the little village of F—, Maine, was ringing its last warning peal, and a troop of rustic children were gathered at the porch. As the tall, gaunt master stalked through the throng, that divided hurriedly to make way for him, the frown deepened on a brow habitually stern; for he missed the fair face of one, who was too often a truant from his power. And where is he? The river-beach, about a mile distant from the school, is smiling in the light of the morning sun, and there, basking in its beams, on the warm and sparkling sand, sits a beautiful boy of seven years old. A profusion of golden hair waves back from the fair transparent temples, and reveals a face glowing with health and joy. His red lips are slightly parted, his blue eyes raised, and gazing with more than childish ecstacy on the changes of the light clouds, as they float in the blue air above him. A ship—a hut—a tree—rudely sketched indeed, but still with a fidelity to nature, wonderful in one so young. And now he resumes his occupation with an earnestness, that proves his whole heart is in his play. We will not interrupt him; we will not tell him that the innocent and lovely little hand, which now yields him, with its skill, so pure a pleasure, is destined, to-morrow, to the torture of a ferule. We will leave him to his present enjoyment, and perhaps we may meet him again.

A large, grated apartment in the common jail at Charleston, South Carolina, is filled with prisoners. One of them is a fair, slight boy of ten years, in the graceful garb of a sailor. His cheek is pale by privation and early suffering; but his eye, the fire, and energy, and truth of a high and dauntless spirit, are still unquenched. He is mounted on a barrel, and has sketched, with a bit of charcoal, the image of a spread eagle, beneath which he is now scrawling—"Liberty and Independence for ever!" At the sight of this motto—strange enough on a prison wall—a shout arises from the spectators, and the youth turned his head and smiled. It is he! the truant of the village school. But the scene changes. He is standing at the prison door. A lovely child, the jailer's daughter, is beside him. Her dark eyes filled with tears, are raised imploringly to his. She holds toward him the keys of the jail, while she intreats him to escape ere her father's return. With a smile of mingled pride and gratitude, he replied—"No, Mary, I should involve you in disgrace, if I did, and I would rather brave again

the tyranny of the cruel captain, than so repay your kindness; but fear not, dear, I shall again escape from that hated ship, and will be more cautious than before, you may be sure."

On the summit of the Caraccas mountains, stands, with bare and bleeding feet, a youthful pilgrim. There is a faint flush on his cheek, which is yet soft and fair with the innocence of childhood, and his wild, sad eyes kindled with involuntary rapture as he gazes at the scene below him. Slung over his shoulder, on a staff, is a little knapsack, containing all his worldly possessions. It is the runaway sailor boy. He has seen but little more than ten years of actual life, but his heart, in that time, has lived an age of misfortune and grief and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world—poor—wretched—friendless. Does he weep? No! He has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far-off grave of his parents, and his keen blue eyes are tearless, but dark with unspeakable woe. He has walked barefoot, nearly an hundred miles, in the course of eight days—sometimes sleeping on the ground, and once or twice sheltered in the hut of some hospitable Indian or Spaniard, whose heart his tender youth—his patient suffering, angel-smile has melted to compassion. He is now faint with hunger and fatigue. Does his young spirit fail him? No! There is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young! He lifts his resolute brow to heaven with a trust that no danger or grief can subdue, and goes calmly on his way. A traveler meets him, and touched by his beauty and desolate appearance, offers him money. The boy's heart swells within him—with a proud smile he thanks him, and refuses. No! with all his woes, he is still independent, and thanks God! He has still half a real—six cents—in his pocket, and shall he who, since the age of eight years, has earned his own livelihood—shall he receive the bounty of a stranger? He passes on with a firmer step, forgetting his weariness in his pride. He hopes to find at La Guayra an American ship, in which he can be allowed to work his passage home—to his mother's grave! and he strains his eyes to discover through the mist, the starry flag of his native land. But suddenly his steps are arrested—he forgets all—his grief, his hope, his pride, his poverty—in the wondrous beauty of the scene beneath him. I will describe it in his own words, written years afterward, to a friend.

"A storm had been gradually brewing over the ruins of Caraccas, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The huge dense cloud gathered and rolled along the valley, till the place where I stood seemed but an island in mid-ocean. The birds flew wildly about. The creeping things hastened to their holes in the earth—the moan of the winds was hushed, and an awful silence spread over the rocky eminence. But the mist beneath, with its continual and ever-lovely changes in color and in shape, who would have dreamed, that the fierce tempest was brooding in the bosom of so much beauty? Yet so it was. Even the sun-born rainbows, smiling with their soft bloom through the shifting and darkening vapors—even they—evanescent and exquisitely beautiful as

they were, seemed but bridges raised for the demon spirits of the storm to pass from cloud to cloud, directing as they went, the dread thunder-bolt on its errand of destruction. The lurid fire shone even in the sunlight, and striking a little below the pinnacle, on which I stood, hurled from its bed a massive rock, which, in descending the steep and rugged side, forced every thing before it, while hill to hill re-echoed the fearful sound long after it had reached the valley below. A more sublimely beautiful, yet terrific scene, could hardly be imagined; my soul swelled within me, and I was half frantic with delight, as I stood above the clouds and the storm, in the sunshine, and alone! It was a strange balm to my wounded and desolate heart, to feel that what to others of my fellow beings wore a gloomy and threatening aspect, to me, assumed a glory brilliant and gorgeous beyond description. But alas! the vision faded! the clouds were borne away upon the western wind, and I resumed my journey down the side of the mountain."

Gentle reader, let the author's wand—namely, his pen—transport you for a moment to a scene in London. One of the royal family is receiving, in his gorgeous saloon, the elite of English society. The Ducal palace is brilliantly illuminated. At the moment we raise the veil, the noble host courteously addresses a guest, in whom he seems particularly interested. It is a young, self-taught American artist, whose pencil, employed for some of the noblest and loveliest in the land, has gained him a celebrity, which his genius and his inexhaustible energy richly deserve. A slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale, intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of an ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well formed head, slightly, and rather proudly thrown back—a calm and graceful address. Can this be the poor and wretched sailor-boy, who stood twelve years ago, with his little knapsack, alone, on the heights of Caraccas? Look at the white throat, the curved lip, with its sweet, yet half-disdainful smile; it is the same! He is happy now. Sought and caressed by the noble, the fair and the wise; loving and beloved by one, to whom his smile is dearer than the light of heaven. Is he quite happy? No. His restless ambition is still unsatisfied. He is nothing if he be not first; and he must still toil for pre-eminence.

Reader! do you care to know his present whereabouts? More than twenty years have rolled by, since he was a happy truant from the village school. But they have not chilled his heart, weakened his spirit, or subdued his enthusiastic love of his profession. He has returned to his native land, prosperity and fame attending his steps, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lovely and the gifted, of one of the principal cities in the Union.

#### A PRIZE FIGHT.

It is not many years since, began the Doctor (and as with common consent the hum of conversation was succeeded by a general silence,) that in company with some friends I attended some races in the town of ——. After the customary sports of the day had concluded, some young bucks, hearing there was a celebrated pugilist from town on the ground, and in the hope of giv-

ing increased *eclat* to the end of a pleasant day, collected a purse of £50 for a fight between the pugilist and any adventurer willing to enter the ring with him. At first several countrymen who had heard only of the purse, came eagerly forward to contest the prize, but, on learning from the good-natured bystanders of the awkward customer they would have to deal with, speedily withdrew. It seemed as if the hopes of these philanthropic gentlemen were to be disappointed, when a good-looking young countryman, whose dress bespoke neatness struggling with poverty, stepped forward amid the cheers of the populace, at all times ready to applaud any thing conducive to their own gratification, however much at the expense of others. It is true some humane bystanders sought to dissuade the rash youth from a contest with one whose riper years, skill, and experience made defeat a certainty. He seemed to need neither the encouragement of false nor the kind warning of real friends. A ring was soon formed, and bottle-holders and seconds named, who began to assist the respective combatants in stripping for the unequal fray. The pugilist went through this ceremony with the coolness of one accustomed to the ring, and, when stripped, showing an athletic frame, in which every muscle appeared developed, unincumbered with useless flesh, the spectators knew not which most to wonder at, the Herculean form which stood before them, or the temerity of the beardless youth whose Apollo-like figure presented such a contrast. All preliminaries arranged, and the combatants having shaken hands, both placed themselves in position, and for a space stood motionless, each with his eye fixed upon the other. The frame of the pugilist was iron, not so his heart, which he felt moved with pity when he beheld the gallantry of the finely proportioned youth who confronted him. "My young friend," he said in a tone inaudible to those around, "what can have induced you to risk yourself against a practised hand like me? take my advice and retire before it is too late. 'Never!' emphatically rejoined Dalton (for such I heard was his name,) "my mind is made up for the worst." At least, then," said the pugilist, who commenced sparring, "give in after a few rounds, which will be enough to save your credit. I will not punish you much, and will give you a share of the prize." "All or none," was the reply: and the contest now commenced in earnest, to the satisfaction of the populace, who had begun to grow impatient at the delay. Nothing is more disgusting than the description of a prize-fight, where the most dreadful disfigurement and injuries done by man to man in a cool deliberate manner for the sake of lucre, are, if possible, made worse by being recounted in a slang phrase and systematic form to minister to the worst appetite of the depraved.

For a length of time the punishment received by Dalton was fearful in the extreme to witness; while all applauded his courage, the general opinion was that he must soon sink under it, and that every round would be his last. Still he fought on, although several of the gentlemen who had got up the fight advised him to retire, as he might do so with credit. The pugilist, who up to this period had scarcely a mark, now began to show symptoms of anxiety and distress. The extra-

ordinary rapidity with which Dalton flew at him the moment he rose from his second's knee gave, him no time to regain his wind, and caused him at length repeatedly to miss his blows, and at last to the amazement of all the spectators, he received a blow, to all appearances the result of accident rather than aim, which felled him like an ox to the ground, Dalton falling heavily upon him. Upon both being raised by their seconds, the pugilist was found to be insensible, and could not be brought to time, when Dalton, who tottered streaming with gore from his second's arms into the ring for a moment, was proclaimed the conqueror amid the deafening shouts of the mob. No sooner had he heard himself named Victor, than he sunk exhausted to the ground, where he was found by the gentleman who came forward to give him the purse he had so desperately fought to win. Half supported on his second's knee, there lay the unhappy youth, the blood streaming in torrents from his mouth, and every feature battered out of semblance to humanity. At first he seemed scarcely conscious of the proffered purse, as the gentleman, with many encomiums of his courage and conduct offered it to him. At length, as if roused to sudden consciousness by the sight, he snatched it with eager feebleness and pressed it to his bosom. "Kind gentleman," and the warm stream of life almost choked his utterance, "give this to my poor mother; e'en now perhaps they take away her all: Oh, run, run—but stop!" and with an effort he slightly raised himself upon his elbow, as if to throw additional earnestness into the solemn tone in which he besought us not to tell how he won the dear bought gold. All around were moved, and several becoming alarmed at the rapidly sinking state of the poor youth, called loudly for a surgeon. Advancing to where he lay, I knelt beside the unhappy sufferer. One look sufficed to tell me all was hopeless: he had burst a blood vessel in that last desperate struggle, and life was rapidly ebbing. This I communicated to those around as I thought unheard by my patient, who lay to all appearance in that sleep, the consequence of extreme debility, which so often ushers life to death. Some cordial which I administered, with the application of cold water to his cut and swollen face, seemed to revive him for a moment; alas! it was but for a moment! when, having once more implored us to give the money to his mother, and save her from the knowledge of his unhappy fate, he sank into a stupor which turned almost instantly into the sleep of death. From a bystander we learned the motive which had prompted him to the rash act which cost him his life. A distress had been put into his mother's cottage for rent, a poor widow who had known better days, and whose only support he was. Almost driven to madness at her situation, he heard £50 offered as the prize for a pugilist encounter. Gentlemen (concluded the doctor in a tone which came from the heart,) you know the rest, and had you heard, as I did, the heart-rending shriek of the wretched mother when rushing through the crowd which shrunk before her—had you seen her, as I did, throw herself on the corpse of her noble, though ill-fated boy, to rise bereft of reason forever, you would not wonder at the aversion I have ever since felt towards both pugilists and pugilism.

#### NEVER FALTER—PERSEVERE.

They tell me, that there is a plant which thrives the most when trodden upon. A plant which one of our revolutionary heroines designated as the "rebel plant." There too is a noble trait in man, which is worth all the gold in the world, and will, if followed up, lead to honor and fame, happiness and the good of mankind. It is Perseverance.

The youth who clings to his prize, will rise above the frowns of the world, no matter how poor he may have been in the start. Without this, and the twin sister, virtue, none need expect to soar above the vulgar crowd that daily through his path. It was by perseverance that our noble statesmen and scholars have risen to the high station they enjoy. Without wealth, and with but few friends they have cleared out their road, and now have reached the desired station. Wealth is a necessary evil, but it is a poor recommendation to perseverance. Thousands have been deluded, whereas, on the other hand, the majority of our star characters have risen without it.

Choose ye an object, and persevere with all thy might, and ye shall obtain it. Falter not on the way, and the prize is yours. If you meet with misfortunes, and should you lose all you have gathered, do not be discouraged, but make the best use of it you can, and you will rise. There is nothing that can keep down a persevering mind. The more the man is persecuted and reviled, the stronger will be his hopes, and he at last will have the pleasure of seeing his enemies confounded, and himself their superior.

#### THE GROWING OLD OF THE HEART.

AFTER we have had our fling of youthful fun and frolic, having sown the best part of our wild oats, and we pull out a gray hair or two, and get a little anxious about our teeth, we see little children whom we knew only a few years before, sprung up into young men and women, who are enchanted with all sorts of frivolous things which we have long since ceased to care about. Then again we see those who, when we first knew them, were young, slim, blooming romps of nineteen or twenty, turned into stout, portable, sedate matrons with half a dozen nearly grown up boys and girls; then the dashing young men (the beaux of the aforesaid romps,) whose smart coats and lively manners we used to envy and admire, are settled down into steady, middle-aged, soberly dressed fathers of families, or else be-wigged and stay-compressed dandies; and the old gentlemen who were accustomed to dine with our fathers, and whom we used to consider very funny, hearty, bald-headed old codgers, we find either wizened, or tottering, or bloated and gouty old scare crows, with one foot in the grave. Then we begin to look at *ourselves*, and compare notes: we think the winters rather colder than they used to be, and wish that our boot-makers would not make our boots so tight, or we abuse our tailors for making our frock-coats stick out in front. Then we wonder what enjoyment people can find in waltzing, and we hate masquerades and grow uncommonly spiteful and critical at all places of public amusement. It is a long time before we find out the reason of this change in our sentiments, but all of a sudden it pops upon us by



accident; then we open our eyes and are wide awake to our situation—we feel that we are no longer young, and shall soon be old. Then we get philosophical, and look deeper into the millstone, and examine our hearts: we say, with a melancholy sigh, "Ah, I recollect the time when I was fond of this or that place, and loved this or that person—when a tale of sorrow would have made me weep, or an act of kindness elevated me. Now I am unexcitable, and I treat every thing with indifference. Why is this? *"My heart has grown old."* This is how we argue, but we deceive ourselves; at this moment we are vibrating between youth and middle age, and cling to the follies of both; but after a year or two, when we have jumped the ditch, we shake hands with Mr. Time and say, "You are not so disagreeable as I thought you were; on the contrary, you improve upon acquaintance. There are seasons for tops and there are seasons for maturer pleasures, so I shall make myself happy in spite of you." When we make up our minds to this, we are all right; we find our hearts beating again in the old way as sensitive and as lively as in the earliest days of youth.

#### RULES FOR JOKING IN COMPANY.

FEEL your ground before you take a single step, and adapt yourself to your company.—You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine! Make the most of such a situation, for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush without mercy. If you do *not* know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short, by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself.—You will get the laugh, and the audience will be happy to reduce him to their own level, by measuring him with you.

Never mind what smart you occasion, provided you can say a smart thing. Your enemy you have a right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty if not with a friend?—A pretty thing, truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain! It would give much more to suppress it; and if others do not like the taste, how can they expect you to swallow it?

French or Latin *bon mots* are safe, if you are sure of the pronunciation, for they who understand them will laugh naturally, and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With ladies this rule will not apply; do not, therefore, in their society, quote Horace, or confess yourself a freemason, for they naturally hate and suspect whatever they are excluded from.

When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause, and throw in again. Your neighbor possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some double-entendre to distress the women. This will answer your purpose, for the men must be fools indeed, if they do not kick you down stairs.

In the want of other subjects for your raillery

and sneers, personal defects form a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a leg of its own to stand on, it may run some time upon your neighbor's wooden one. At least a dozen jokes may be endorsed on a humpback; and you may make a famous handle of a long nose, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it, whether he can hear himself sneeze, &c. Take care, however, while making fun with his nose, that he does not make free with yours.

If your party be equal to yourself, in the knowledge of *the Boots*, or talent for extempore repartee, laugh loud at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Laughter is catching though wit is not.

If they be decidedly superior in both these requisites, have a bad head-ache and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it is better to be pitted for having a pain in the head, than for having nothing in it.

#### EVENING BEFORE WEDDING.

"I WILL tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far toward preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage: the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me!" said Louisa, anxiously.

"The first is this: Demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise also yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute, or express any disagreement. I tell you, never!—for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession cost you some tears. Farther, promise faithfully and solemnly never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other: but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, brother, sister, relations and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to sit in judgment between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you as one. O, if the newly married would but practice this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy, which are now miserable!"

#### THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

"I SAY Wildgoose;" said an old Sober-sided, "did you ever see a little kitten in pursuit of its own tail? Round and round she goes—now on one haunch and then on the other, gravely kicking and grinning—and all for what? Why, if it sat still, there's its tail under its nose. Now that's the 'moral' of a young fellow of pleasure." "I take you," said Wildgoose; "but did you ever see an old cat sitting with its nose on a level with the knob of a poker? There it sits, winking and blinking—now a purr—now a sneeze—then a chasm of the mouth—then a cushion of a paw rubbed over the face and ears—presently a long

doze, and after that a long stretch with an inverted semicircular back, and a hind leg stuck out, as though it wanted to get rid of it? now that's the 'moral' of an old fellow who thinks himself happy."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

**FORGIVENESS.**—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions, cowards have even fought, nay sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature! the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

An Oxford student joined without invitation a party dining at an inn. After dinner, he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning!"

THERE is a man in these parts who takes pride in paying his honest debts! His friends are making arrangements to have him conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

W. D. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; M. J. B. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; D. A. P. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; B. A. M. Johnsonsburgh, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; S. A. V. Freehold, N. Y. \$1.00; S. F. Jr. Williamsboro', N. C. \$1.00; H. S. Sheffield, Ms. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; G. D. W. Providence, R. I. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; S. W. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; W. V. H. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$2.00.

#### Married,

In this city, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Doct. J. B. Waterbury, Richard H. Mitchell, of Poughkeepsie, to Jane Maria, daughter of Rufus Reed, Esq.

At Newark, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Theodore H. Jenkins, formerly of this city, to Mrs. Sarah Burton, daughter of James Lush, Esq. of Hempstead, L. I.

In Claverack, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. R. Shnyder, Mr. John Crapser, Merchant of this city, to Miss Caroline Louisa Martin, daughter of the Hon. John Martin, of the former place.

In Valatie, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. J. Rockwell, Mr. John Har to Miss Margaret Smith, both of Valatie.

In Albany, on Thursday the 21st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Stephen Van Dyck, of the city of New-York, Counselor at Law, late of Coxsackie, to Miss Mary, daughter of the late Rev. John De Witt, of New Brunswick, N. J.

At Saratoga Springs, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. W. F. Walker, Hiram Wilbur, senior publisher of the Saratoga Sentinel, to Lydia E. Pickett.

In Livingston, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. R. Kearney, Mr. George A. H. Englehart, Merchant of Albany, to Mary Frances, daughter of the late Peter Ostrander, and granddaughter of Moncrief Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

In Valatie, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rockwell, Henry Jones, of the firm of H. & F. W. Jones, merchants of Newark, Wayne Co. to Caroline, daughter of Benajah Conant, Esq. of the former place.

#### Died,

In this city, on the 17th ult. Edward Collins, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. Mary E. daughter of Ghoram and Jane Winslow, aged 2 years.

On the 27th ult. Edward, son of Joseph and Anna Mary Dakin, aged 8 months.

On the 1st inst. Catharine Van Dyck, in her 50th year.

In Claverack, on Monday, the 25th ult. Sarah, wife of James Currie, in the 75th year of her age.

In Hillsdale, on the 30th ult. Mr. Ebenezer Gearey, formerly of this city, in the 97th year of his age. He left his friends the consolation of his acceptance with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In Kingston, on the 18th ult. after a severe illness, Lewis Mason, in the 42d year of his age.

At Rondout, on the 10th ult. Harrison, son of Jacob T. Hendricks, Esq. aged 5 years, 3 months, and 18 days.

At Rondout, on the 19th ult. Henry Clay, son of Charles McEntee, aged 2 years and 6 months.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## STARS! STARS! BEAUTIFUL STARS!

BY F. A. A.

STARS! stars! beautiful stars

Shining bright in the boundless skies,  
And gazing down on this world of ours

As ye have gazed for centuries:

Beautiful stars ye are still as bright

As in the ages past to mortal sight,

And like angel's eyes ye seem to me

Looking out upon land, and sea—

But keener, purer, brighter far,

Than the golden light of the nearest star,

Shining bright in the skies above,

Are the radiant eyes of the *Girl I Love!*

Stars! stars beautiful stars!

Glittering gems in Night's Coronet!

When the sun illumines the eastern skies

Your lesser rays in his beams must set:

But those piercing eyes are ever bright,

And they melt the soul with their flashing light,

And no other orbs so brightly shine

As those ebon eyes on this heart of mine!

Ay! brighter—brighter far for me,

Than the nearest star ye may chance to see

Shining bright in the skies above,

Are the radiant eyes of the *Girl I Love!**Hinesburgh, Vt. April, 1842.*

For the Rural Repository.

I HAVE no doubt but the amiable and unfortunate young lady, who is the subject of this unworthy tribute, fell a victim to an attachment which was not reciprocated. Her feelings might, or might not have been wantonly trifled with. Pray God! that he for whom were her last sighs, have nothing to reproach himself! I had no personal acquaintance with her, but hearing the touching narrative from the lips of one who was her intimate friend, I have endeavored as nearly as I could, to embody the closing-scene. The mother refuses to be comforted for the loss of her only daughter, but goes every day, let the weather be as it will, to strew flowers upon the grave of her idol, and wet the sod with her tears!—*Author.*

## WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

BY MRS. C. THERESA CLARK.

"It is a lovely, and a fearful thing."

"Tis growing dark! Oh! mother dear!

Hold! hold me closer still!

Brother, is it thy voice I hear?

Strange sounds mine ears do fill:

The murmur as of waters nigh,

And whispers of the wind;

And forms do pass before mine eye,

I cannot call to mind.

"And oh! my fond-one! art thou there?"

They told me thou would'st come!

This long delay I cannot bear;

For I am going home—

And I once more would feel thy breath

Upon my cold, cold cheek—

Would clasp thy hand, though but in death—

Speak to me yet!—Oh, speak!

"Oh, mother! Thou of all the earth!

Alone leave me not now!

Hot tears gush forth from those dim eyes

And fall upon my brow!

Yet even in this sad, sad hour

Of weariness and pain,

'Twere sweet to know that he was near,

Who will not come again!

"And I have dared to cherish still,

Within my soul's recess,

A hope that now is growing chill,

Like ice within my breast.

I will not chide him with neglect,

Perchance he yet may feel

One throb of pity for my fate,

Or kind thought sometimes steal

"Into his solitude of her,

Who faded day by day,

Yet never dared of that to speak,

Which wasted her away:—

Whose heart was broken!—None may know

What I have suffered—least

Of all, the one who gave the blow

That lays this form to rest.

"How my mind wanders—Love! 'tis well!

Thou hast a promise given;

Kiss me! my friends! we'll say farewell!

And trust to meet in Heaven!

*Springfield, Mass. April, 1842.*

For the Rural Repository.

## TO JENNY C\*\*\*\*.

MAY God his choicest blessings send,

To thee, sweet friend of mine,

May Truth to thee, her soft light lend,

O'er thy path forever shine.

May Virtue crown thee with a wreath

Of flowers that never die;

And when you leave this changing earth,

May you dwell beyond the sky.

May Sorrow ne'er thy brow o'ercast,

Or dim thy bright black eye;

And may you be resigned and calm,

When the fell destroyer's nigh.

And lastly, Jane, may you love God,

And all his laws obey;

And then you will with angels dwell,

In everlasting day.

MARION.

*Hudson, March, 1842.*

For the Rural Repository.

## THE STARRY FIRMAMENT.

BY J. M'KINSTRY, JUN.

WHEN Sol his parting ray hath shed,

And night his sable curtain spread—

When the heavenly hosts shine bright,

And silence reigns through all the night—

Then, what a pleasure to behold

The sight which nature doth unfold;

To see those myriads, each a world,

Which heaven hath to our view unfurled.

Who upon the vast abyss can gaze,

But with veneration and amaze?

Calm Contemplation with holy mien!

With looks composed and serene!

We embrace thee now, for thou canst bear

Our thoughts above each earthly care.

Thou canst waft our spirits far on high,

Through the regions of immensity—

Then, as the Creator's works we scan,

We learn how frail is mortal man.

Come Science too, thy aid we need,

Ere the page of heaven we can read,

Thou hast taught us that those gems on high,

Which glow in the ethereal sky,

Are suns forever shining there,  
As bright as that which gilds our sphere;  
That each star in yon vast abyss,  
Gives light and heat to worlds like this;  
That viewed so far, our sun like them,  
Would seem a bright and twinkling gem.

But why shine those orbs so pure and bright?

Is it to cheer the lonely night?

To please us *only* that they glow?

Ah, Reason plainly answers, no.

'Tis not alone to gratify

*Our minds* that they adorn the sky.

Where the Great Creator's power 's displayed,

Beings intelligent he hath made,

His destined purpose to fulfil,

And to perform his holy will.

Reason, Science, Contemplation,

Unite to raise our admiration,

As with rev'rend awe we gaze,

On nature's magnificent displays;

And as we view each star's abode,

Through nature we see nature's God.

*Greenport, N. Y. Feb. 14, 1842.*

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

Volume 19th, Commencing June 18, 1842,

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THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the *Nineteenth Volume* of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday, the 18th of June, 1842.

The character and design of the Rural Repository being generally known, as it has been published eighteen years, and received a widely extended share of public patronage, and highly recommended by a large portion of our contemporaries of the press, and as it must be acknowledged to be one of the cheapest journals extant, the publisher deems it unnecessary in his proposals for publishing another volume to say more than that it will be conducted upon the same plan, though somewhat improved, and at the same low rate, that he has reason to believe has heretofore given satisfaction to its numerous patrons. In short, all that can serve to instruct and amuse, all that is calculated either to enlighten the understanding, or to improve the heart, is eagerly and assiduously sought after to adorn the pages of this publication. Not an idea shall be found in its columns, which would tend to

"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed maiden steal a tear."

## CONDITIONS.

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*Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. May 7, 1842.*

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